

## NUMBER 4

through here tonight en route from Fort Reno to the Nez Perces Indian reservation in the Cherokee strip. They will act as body guards for the Cherokee commission which will meet them at Ponce, Brady, and, once on negotia- tions with the Con- rascas Indians, for their surplus lands in the Nez Perces reservation. They will then visit the Ponce- Pawnee, Ocoz, Kiowas, and Osages in suc- cession, and if possible complete negotia- tions for the opening of 2,000,000 more acres of land.



USIN C- COCIN.

**The Two Defendants Held Without Bail  
and Clem Peterson, the Alleged  
Confederate, Bought Over in  
the Sum of \$10,000.**

"With his testimony the prosecution closed its case. It was explained to Lawson that he could introduce any testimony that he could. He waited a moment and then said, 'I would like to. C. M. Young Peterson told me to the state and Lawson asked him, 'What time did I come into that night?' Lawson responded that he thought about 10:30 or 11 o'clock. 'Is the defense evidence as a standard?' For another question and he was aware, since he was a Harrison and at this and since he was not a Harrison, he said that the evidence was not proper representation by attorneys and he regretted exceeding it."

**Wreck on the Santa Fe.**  
WICHITA, Kan., Oct. 29.—A wreck on the Santa Fe this evening about ten miles south of here resulted in the instantaneous death of two men, fatal injuries to another, and one fractured and serious to two more. The locomotive and wounded were on an engine sent down to the relief of a stock train city near Derby. The locomotive had been the scene of the wreck and was returning to the city for more help when it jumped the track, and, into a cut, derailed, turning a complete somersault and striking its own freight. Frank Murray, yardmaster, and Thomas Wagner, fireman, were killed. The engineer, William J. Goggin, and the conductor, J. W. Quinn, were seriously injured. Frank Young, a trainman, was killed. The engine was damaged beyond repair. The men were brought to Wichita.

of their traces upon the floors and granite walls compose the scenes and passions, and although the drawings have been replaced by roadways which traverse the dry moors, the calm which sustained them still lies over the doors, and as vestiges of life, since they give to the dwelling a stamp of remarkable nobility. But with the exception of the gigantic porphyreous wall with the castnut woodwork and the large stone staircase whose naked nose is enlivened only by a few sculptures in the granite, the external ornament expires on the threshold of the apartments. The sky of last evening was the negation of a comfort and gave me to choose between

Edmund ign. costume, who swart at the entrance the return of the wanderers.

**ROBERT DE CROIX.**

Dr. S. B. Hoyle, in the September number of *The Chiropractic* a paper entitled, "The Personal Equation in the Treatment of Chiropractic." The paper is one which was read by the doctor before the Colorado State Medicine society.

Mr. Demmon has received notice of the death of Mr. George Denton, which occurred at Calingo, Oct. 23. Mr. Denton spent some time in this city with his wife, who died last spring. He was a wealthy grain dealer of "heavenworth place," and was well known here.

Highest of all in Flavoring Power

# Royal

ABSOLUT

Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Baking Powder

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1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



















ATLANTA, GA. (AP) —

By Edmund Collins.

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To merely print the names of all the persons engaged one way or another in "literary" work in New York city, would fill three or four columns, but I am concerned only with the men and women who have a wide constituency of readers.

The literary circle of New York does not hold a place in fashionable quarters equal to that held by the guild of letters in the social life of Boston. Very few writers in New York have the entire of "fashionable houses," but in Boston respect, social gathering is complete without a good sprinkling of literary work. It may be the chief reason for this. A large number of the Boston writers are members of a New England families; they are so in manners, keep their hair cut, don't neglect their finger nails, and frequent the bath.

Nearly half a century ago the literary type of New York was represented by Mr. Walt Whitman who rode through the town conspicuously on the outside of a coach, his hair very long and not of his natural color, his raiment not exact of the city variety, like a swarthy

the city variety. The prominent writers of the time thought that in order to do literary they must likewise get their merrrow and appear in other respects outlandish. The custom has been kept up to a considerable extent among those of unbridled early training, but finally there is a disposition among those writers to have nice manners and fine entertainments to keep away from their coarser persons with good and limited acquaintance with the text. Late-ly, I may say, several have been and some of them have been open to the same authors who have given readings for the entertainment of the guests. Professor Boyesen has been asked to come in this way, and Miss Agnes of Russian literature has just received an invitation similar to that given to Mr. Boyesen. But of course there is a reward for the services rendered. Some authors have access to high social quarters by reason of the family connections, but they are not many. What may be called the

HEADQUARTERS OF LITERARY PEOPLE  
 are the "Overcast, Ambros, Cent  
 ury, Nineteenth Century and the A  
 cine curus and Sorosis, The Phil  
 craft, as also in literary institution, to  
 the sea, and its establishment was  
 from in the side of the Authors." The  
 writing of a poor sonnet, a story, or  
 the translation of a poem, or the pro  
 duction of a preface, for some volume is  
 not sufficient for membership in the  
 "Overcast." This club has a handsome  
 building at 22 Gas, Twenty-ninth street,  
 and a very fine library. The Authors  
 club has regular meetings in its rooms  
 where the authors meet and talk about  
 the latest literary topics. The mem  
 bership is very large. Mr. W. C. Ste  
 phan, the banker and an excellent  
 critic, is the leading spirit of this club.

Among the workers of the time, Mr. Steadman, from his eminence as a poet and as a critic of verse, may be said to be the most noted. His is about 50 years of age, but is full of energy and consequently at some literary work. He is now delivering a series of lectures on poetry, before the John Hopkins University. He is of low stature, with the iron-gray hair, reminding of a queen, quick eyes and a face at once striking and sensitive. His library is stocked with many volumes and interesting manuscripts. Among the latter are Grace Firth's, of some notable poems, and a manuscript of a novel, by Edgar Allan Poe written on small, sheets laid one of one paper to the top of the other and forming one long continuous scroll, after the manner of a Japanese manuscript. He is notable for his collection of brands of cigars and has gathered together a number of interesting bits of trivia-grace. He writes his verse only when the impulse seizes him, and this is often in the early morning. Mr. Steadman is most gracious to young writers.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD is as grown very feeble in physique, and age, and his sight surely serves him. He is literary editor of *The Mail and Express*, but finds time to write a good deal of vigorous prose for various other publications. His late verse is not as good as the work of his earlier days, but he says he is now and again upon the backs of prescient writers of driven poetry. The things there are sometimes too many of them in the field, and that the bulk of them ought to be driven out of the business. His remarks about much of the magazine poetry are, to say the least, not charitable. Mr. Stoddard is tall, straight, dignified in appearance, with white hair and beard and the face of a sage, as the olden days paint him. He has a number of volumes in his library that were once the property of eminent men. On the wide margins of one of his volumes are notes in pencil by Keats. Mr. Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Stoddard, was, of course, a renowned literary work, but her death is not good. The poet is very genial and hearty in private life, and gets the homage of all whose backs are not smearing from his ass. A few more critics like Mr. Stoddard would be no harm.

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER,  
editor of the Century, and I believe now  
one of its proprietors, does not give as  
much of his time as formerly to literary  
work, having besides his office duties

men in a social and philanthropic way on his part. He does not go to his office on Union Square the next morning when his duties of hearing proposals and deciding on manuscript commence. Judging from his appearance he is persistent and resolute, but he is really spontaneous, brilliant and warm-hearted. He pains him to send away clear-cut to the hundreds that approach him every month with all kinds of manuscript and literary proposals. Mr. Gillet's assistants are R. C. Conson, secretary of the American Copyright League, and the one more than any other instrumental in the success of the "are copyright" measure, and C. C. Sue, one of the leaders of the series of war articles in the Century. These officers receive several thousand of manuscript in month, but it is a mistake to suppose that they read more than the titles of a large number of them. They select the promising subjects, read them through and say yes or no to them. These are again considered and Mr. Gillet takes into consideration. He may add here a few magazine or other literary editorials and, of course, one quarter of the manuscript submitted, except in the departments of fiction and poetry. This may from him be as a rule, when they want the contribution or not.

St. Nicholas is under the same roof with The Concurry, with Mrs. Mary Xapes Dodge as conductor, and Mr. Clarke as the office editor. Mrs. Dodge does not get down to the office every day, but aims to direct of her work in her beautiful apartments in the Yavapai flats. She does hard or any work none except for the magazine and is now in again, in receipt of a good-sized order for forty or a hundred, to earn a living young people, took the measure many years ago. Once in the winter she gives a large reception, and looking after her guests it is her duty to see not to encourage the over-enthusiasm. She likes to surround herself with young people and Sunday evening is her regular reception time when she gets her guests about her before a large grate and entertains them with numerous interesting stories and bits of conversation. She is of an elegant, well preserved and handsome. Mr. Clarke is of medium size, rather dark and about 35 years old, rather quiet and inclined to be a little reserved, selects war he thinks St. Nicholas needs and the paper's course, with Mrs. Dodge. St. Nicholas pays ordinarily about \$8.00 a thousand words.

Connected with the Century Dictionary are several noted literary persons. Among them are Mr. J. P. H. Stoughton, author of "Joe's Cottage and Portland and other good verse." Mr. Stoughton is a south river and full of southern life. He is a poet and has a fine library in East End, where he is constant at some literary work. Dr. Palmer, of this distinguished looking southerner, is the author of several striking volumes. He has a collection of rare exchanges and spends his spare time at literary work in his handsome apartments.

is a resort for "hundreds" upon hundreds of men and women devoted to literature. The editor of the *Monthly*, Mr. T. W. Higginson, is the senior editor in the place, and the most important. He confines himself to the *Monthly*, of which he is chief editor, having as associates A. George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, John Kenrick, Bangs and Lawrence Sullivan. These associates have each charge of one department. Mr. Higginson is of middle age, forty in stature and has iron gray hair. He is retiring, and although neither fond of giving his opinion or making show keeps his hand over on the pulpit, and watches every note of literary production that appears anywhere. There is hardly room to turn round in his little office, and when you go in there you hardly ever find him looking at a manuscript. Yet he says his tens of thousands every year and examines promising work in his cosy library at home. He has a large family of interesting and intelligent daughters, and adds that Harper's *Monthly* is publishing less poetry than it did, and is buying less poetry. For that matter nearly all the magazines have practically stopped buying verse, for the reason that "magazine poetry" has fallen into contempt and is a God-send for the comic papers. So the magazines are, finding lack of the scraps of accepted and published series of poetry, vying in their desire

Mr. Bennett, Earning Davis, who has succeeded Mr. John Forster in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, is not yet thirty years of age, but he has won a reputation as a writer of short stories. He has a strong and striking face and a friendly, pleasant, and artistic of the South Sea type. He frequently uses him as a model for his drawings in that paper. He so availed himself of Mr. Davis' head, face and physique as models for his novel, depicting the character of Mrs. Barton Garrison's novel, *The Anglo-Maniacs*, which appeared in the Century. Mr. Davis inherits his literary gifts, his mother, being Rebecca Earning Davis and his father the well-known *Baltimore* journal.

Mrs. Margaret A. Sangster, editor of the Bazar, has the largest editorial office in the Harper building. She is a handsome woman of middle years and wears glasses, being very short-sighted. She does very little literary work now, giving most of her attention to editorial duties. The Bazar, like the Harper's public

tious, says a minimum rate of 80 per thousand words. Mr. A. S. Stargy, editor of the Young People, is an Oxford man, and has been in his present employment upwards of five years. He is a medium complexion, and about 30 years of age.

Mr. George Hendrick Bangs, one of the most famous writers in the city goes to the barbers three days in the week to get a haircut, and Mr. Lawrence Burton goes down by the car, and delivered to him in the library a commendation from the London Monthly, Mr. George William Curtis who connected with both the weekly and the monthly, comes in to see an occasional writer in the matter but does not like his work in the unassuming parlour of a house in Staten Land. It is not generally known by the members of the house of the barbers that he is an active part in the management of all their publications, and he is consulting them upon all important questions. They also say some of the barbers are passing upon many of the drawings and setting some to style.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cosmopolitan, which is making such a good struggle for a time, is for its chief editor, its proprietor, Mr. Joseph Walker, a gentleman who must be known in Colorado. Mr. Walker is assisted by Professor Boyesen who is an American, and by Miss Sime who is an English girl. The good will and goodness of Nellie Ay. Mr. J. A. Sears, a member of the well known Missionary scholar and a young man of talent is Mr. Walker's immediate assistant. The Cosmopolitan does not give away \$400,000 a month, but it gives an chance to every writer.

The North American continent and its new management is forever reconfiguring, but the critics say it is a sensationalism. I am sure that no politician in the country has a more ennobling staff, comprising as it does, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, Mr. W. C. Canning, who served as vice in the North's Communist twice a month and comes to New York for consultation and Mr. Norbert Symington are the chief "advisers" of the staff.

The writer refers to Scribner's, Mr. J. L. Burlingame for a loan, then connected with the business community of the Scribner publishing house. I may very easily take your side and feel your own energy. It is almost a fact and more need as yet no notice. It is a production, though for years he has been promising to write a novel. The poetry in Scribner's as in Burdett and the Century was also turned in by the humorist, so Mr. Burlingame is now joining the good and the bad. There is a good to know pretty well I see. Mr. J. L. Burlingame writes about 100,000 a year under the pen-name of "Grou."

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Dr. Elihu S. W. Mudge is assistant editor of the actual editions of the Christian Union, and by a programme of similar work of the public mind. Mr. Martin J. Lantieri, a prominent member of the Society and founder of the Magazine of American History is also active with her. Mr. H. C. Burnett, of New York, has a beautiful collection of books, and a collection of verse. Mrs. Frank C. Leong, one of the best business women in New York, goes to her office in the morning, and gives her time to her work, and gives her time to her work, and gives her time to her work.

Mr. de Wit, a Seigman, son of a Seigman, head of the well-known riding horse, lends his venture. The book is published five years ago, after a successful career. Mr. Seigman is a scholar, a close student of events, a fair-minded critic, and a man who knows his own ideas respecting the responsibilities of the press of the editorial chair. He outlines, agrees and goes over the ground, and appears in the book, weaves out every thing bright and insists on simplicity of style and earnestness of expression. His influence is excellent.

The illustrated American has as editor Maurice Monro, an old friend of the general. He is making an effort to make his paper to success. Attached to his staff is Miss Margaret Blane, a clever writer and a very cultivated and handsome young lady.

A great dump of the writers got together in public lions and in couples. The two sisters, Fawcett, and Susan are almost as inseparable as Omar and Laric. Fawcett is a dressy writer, disquisitions long and without a trace of declamation. She writes with a tact and felicity. Susan is one of the very greatest masters of style we have. It is charming in manners, manly mind and some, only he seems to prefer to write on obscure subjects than pure ones. I hope if he is doing anything outmoded, good or bad, that many, and an astonishing number, will come to see how well again from his hand. I say it over and over, there is the writer's world; he is always busy with his pen and his brother-in-law George Parsons has been sent into the Kooromagan "country" from New London, Conn., where he is so busy.

Mr. Joseph C. Coker, and his sister, Mrs. C. Coker, gave most of their energy to the editing, but they also write for a host of publications. Mr. Charles De Kay is professor in law at A. W. Coker literary center at the College, is married, and entertaining with a very pretty wife. In Mr. Coker's off hours, he writes a great deal of poetry and other types.

[illegible]

other writers.

Mrs. Alice W. Hington knows so long the reviewer for the critic, any author of the "Lion's Den" and other works, besides a vast array of magazine articles. Mrs. Anne Ward Goodwin (twice) has been to this liveried inn in Navarro Plaza, an invited, and, as it were, working, mastodon upon critical work day, reviewing hundreds of books, besides contributing stories and numerous articles to the "periodic press." Mrs. Geo. Hinson, the Chillon, is author, now residing in New York, and author of "A Good Girl," and a host of other "Georgian" tales. The actress, the "A. Z. Zang," has appeared as the hero and heroine. George Chryssides, an author of "The Mamma Yannes," etc., an active man, remains very warm, who has entered in a literary co-authorship with Thomas Yarrington, a fellow worker with Mrs. "Lizzie" Williams. Chryssides was a student residence in the Navarro Plaza, an inspiration in the use of the writer of popular literature, and, indeed, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, this connected connections who writes on art and literature for the "periodicals," Mr. Glynn Abbott, the son-in-law of an honorable senator, is represented, and even a person who writes on fiction, so he can be said to be a part of the

on issues and on woman's affairs in our Africa, and one of our best and one of the most independent in our periodical literature. With Mrs. Barnett, our Arab and African woman of a new large and useful vein in terms of modern history, and in the handling of large social and political of Young People's Magazine, Smith, also our best writer, a clever raconteur and a writer of very successful narrative and of a high standard of literary excellence, known in every circle, a writer of very readable and clever juvenile stories as well as ready a romancer, as W. O. Ch. Stuart, who is writing in the old police, criminal, and again producing some sonnet articles on the "A. B. C. of the Dictator" and who for an ecclesiastical man cannot keep his hand off of literature, even in writing a piece on social reform, ethics, and an Arbor, a man who has been on a number of times as an author of "Long in a month," Edward Crosby, a high public and the wife of one of the most recent and the most serious in the country, Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Americans and several other books, one of the most extraordinary writers we have on social and political topics, a conscientious and a woman, a reserved and aggressive spirit, a thoroughness writer of juveniles in other matter, and a man in high favor of St. N. de la

A 24-11-1952

THE FIFTEEN NOVELS OF  
THE FIFTEEN.

A Descriptive Article of Mr. Fall Gable  
and His School of Thought—His Fea-  
tures Strongly Resembling the Portrait  
of Shutes were.

London, Sept. 30.] Some 38 years ago there was born at Lancun in Lancashire, the son of a Manx father and a Cambrian mother, the subject of this article. Without a doubt it is to his upbringing in these late-veiled, vivid powers of thought that is so strangely characteristic of the books which are now and again forged by an iron pen given in to man at times appears to be the heart-voice of the man. To the poetic living, easily rousing, self-assertive soul, there could not have been possible to have written in such stolid, sexless, Saxon, and unimpassioned "Lancunian" words so recently uttered and, dedicated, the English words, a ready sign of the fecundness of modernity, disguised with the filthy details of the "French" realism, and gladly appreciative of the production of a romanticist. The English, coming with honest courage and candor to face before the world, not as its foe, but as it should be, the English, it is life with all its brilliant potentialities and the splendid possibilities, the best opportunities, the triumphs, the success available there, its joys, its sorrows, its sad lineaments, good, that is, the Chinese takes for the text of his thrilling romances. To not only exaggerate when descriptive, but to emphasize the beauty of the novel, the "new" nature. His aim is so easily a one, is once he sees, his sincerity so evident that in chapter III of "The Year of the Dragon" he is struggling after the truth of his aim, and, as a test, exists in every class in a far larger majority than we can dream of, these who desire the better thing, who stand ready, and are confident with it in which way is within their reach and it is to those that the Chinese speaks with a broad and happy voice, or they

know who have read this so familiar story. Just last summer it was the good fortune to spend a week at all Gaiher's new home in Cumberland. The scene itself is a classic ground to a literary man. It is at Newville lived Coleridge, just at the life and of great writers were known as the Lake poets of that illustrious band of which Coleridge came. Saintsbury and Wordsworth (who was a man having a little estate at a lakeside) and who settled at Great Mere a month before Coleridge's later came. DeQuincy and Christopher North. Later still came Harriet Martineau to Amherst where by and by little Coleridge was going to school. Still a little further down the river home in fact most lively Coleridge's England. But perhaps most important of all to the subject of the present story is that in 1822 occurred a little case of burglary which strikes almost on the side of Mr. Gaiher's new home. Coleridge, Mrs. Gaiher and a cat and a mouse. It is the Chinaman house of the present day, second class of rustic beauty and which nestles in a most beautiful setting. Indeed the shadow of grim Coleridge whose summit is forever in the clouds. The house itself is in a literary and artistic interest. The house of Shakespeare on the bank of the river once stood in a similar place.

They also sat in a similar position in Rossetti's studio in Chelsea, and the rebellious bust at the top of the side is a clever mask of Christ himself, the great poet having done that. Chaine's rims. The poet carved golden eggs which came of the egg of the Sarsary was Rossetti's manuscript came, and it contains a large piece of his letters and the manuscripts of his poems, as well as a few curious Rossetti relics, viz. the pen which he was using during the last writing days of his life. I have, I know, written this as much as Mr. Chaine will do, and the belongings of the great painter too, or what his friend, viz. Rossetti has a piece of price to it, seems to have been somewhat important, however, more than he could take together. The room is full of the cabinets and cases collected by Mr. Chaine himself, and in a corner near the lantern borne by Eugene Aram's head, and what was given to Mr. Chaine by his old friend, Col. Douglass, the poet.

in the notes, of all these articles "Liberty and Virtue" is the greatest. It is, in some ways, a writing on a lay subject, but not in the way of the writers of his magazine, and surrounded by a perfection of imagery, words, and ideas of every imaginable kind. This piece is of a curious Elizabethan cast, and is very strongly reminiscent of the portrait of Shakespeare by the commentators of the 16th century, not excited, intense, nervous to a painful degree, but yet in a way altogether courteous and unassuming, singularly unassuming considering he is the "father of dramatic art" and the rapier-tongued denouncing "swarthy" very summary of oppression. To see him in the person of a fainter is to see him at his best. To have a father, the descendant of a noble line of many farmers, is a simple hearty man of the soil, with a favor of the good old time and a man of education.

nevertheless a man of good intelligence and some reading, and much alive to the idea, erga, life of the country and we have to take his share in discussions and obviously at that period when his own life is being practically con-  
fined to the life of his race. Indeed that was the most touching thing about him. Each time he is with a pretty simple minded, laughing-loving little woman, whose sole joy in life is to care for her husband and the bonny little boy who ties down the stairs three steps at a time to ring out a true Cambrian welcome to the visitor who is coming in at the door. The scene is an idyllic one and can never fade from my memory. Many a long talk have I had with it. I came upon the art and purport of novel writing. I remember one day when my friend, Grant Allen, published an article denouncing the bloodthirsty tendency of modern fiction. I took it to Edith Caine and asked him what he thought of it. "Why," he replied, "I wholly disagree with him when he would do away with the bloodthirsty element. Do you not see that in reality it is a very healthy element. Experience teaches us that when a book is not blood-thirsty it is sensual, which to my mind is far worse. Which now do you think is the healthier, more speaking, a novel of Scott's or one of the French novelists of to-day? Scott depicts his hero rushing to a brave general's death on the field of battle; that is blood-thirsty per se, but how infinitely preferable to the French hero proceeding stealthily into the bedroom of his neighbor's wife. Which is the nobler character of the two? And unfortunately this is creeping into English art, literature and plays; unfortunately there is not enough of blood; it is always just the pivot on which our most notable novels turn, and says turn nowadays is sensuality. Don't let me have seen it in my own books. I will never do it again. There is something English and many in blood-thirsty literature, there is nothing, mainly in the other."

After a long English fiction has been a thousand times purer than the French, and the purest part has a ways been the most blood-thirsty. Stevenson, Hardy, Maecene, all these may be "buggy," as Colclough expressed it, but they are at all events pure. "In the East and the American public mind more demand purity and before that," continued Caine, "as a writer, is he not a little heaven," "I will do my best to satisfy their demand and to lead my readers upward and onward. For what does a novel exist for, or but to good?" Caine, in concluding one celebrated novel, said of his books: "They are not profitable for coining, for reward, for exhibition, for building up or elevating in any shape the sick heart will find no healing in them; the herolet that is in all men no divine awenings; and the ultimate test of fiction is not its power or charm, or its fidelity to life, but its value as a guide to life. In a novel a writer ought to discuss the great deep problems that pertain to humankind as such, man's position in the universe, it and dear love and hate, sorrow and sin, the mystery of pain. The revelations for a sin and its atonement, why the things are of the very essence of Christian teaching, and am I not a good one to know him? Is the servant greater than his master. I don't wish to produce some unedifying serious work which no one would read. I always strive to write richly and with as much humor as possible, but in these days of earnestness and intensity the novel itself must do some serious work as, for that, in its highest reaches."

To go back to what I was saying of the absolute necessity for a certain sensibility in literature, if we would keep sensuality, I say that this running away from blood is a cowardly, an effeminate, and emasculated going. They sturd literature of the past is full of it. I think it as people do now is a sign of the effeminate spirit of the age, and it shows itself in the worship of such a man as Shelley. I don't wonder that Shelley the poet is worshipped, but Shelley the man was a poor, despicable creature in many ways.

This spirit is all too easily depraving. Really the conduct of some of these writers, reminds one of the story of the man who, like the Italian exconvict, who used to introduce his wife as "a past mistress of Lord Byron." "Do you not think Mr. Cairns?" I asked, "that to a certain extent the woman novelist is to a certain degree a fictionist in fiction?" To which he at once replied: "Certainly, I did not think so. When woman became a profession, she had to do what she could with her experience not being of wide adventure, of fights and battles and due aid in short knowing nothing of the book of her own experience, she wrote of that which she knew best. What she knew of was a single-minded, pure woman, was what Jane Austen knew and wrote so well about—the manners of the clergy, the whims and eccentricities of a country society; but I too I am a writer is a woman of unquenchable imagination, she does know it is the secret and base alliance of sex, corruption, and on these things she writes.

And so I say "long life to blood-  
ness in our English action."















A VERY MASTERLY ARGUMENT

A San Juan Town Burned.  
 Fort, Colo., Oct. 22.—The town of  
 Fort, in the northern part of San  
 Juan county, was swept by fire to-night.  
 Nothing of any account in the place  
 was destroyed. Loss \$25,000.



OCTOBER 24, 1969

Mr. George B. Jackson, ex-president of  
Maine Central railroad and of the Eastern  
Assoc. Soc. at Portland.















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We were scarce yet moored, however, before a sloop and a buoy tug appeared upon the beach, a boat was launched and a crew pulled out to us, bringing the king's address. 'Teminoe' had once been accented; has feared ever since to intrust his person to the rotten cancery South Sea traders, and devised in consequence

"shadow comes in his face." "What's that?" he  
got him," he will say, and "The treasure-  
he has seem wordless in somberness. I  
a day he found for Aye-lama the men-  
chant reads as plain to us upon some  
novelty. This he leaves carelessly in his  
main cabin or party concert in his own  
certain, no least the day had say it to

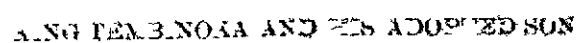
were a owed on board. Three or four were thus favored on the day of our arrival; subsequently, ladies civilly desired to join. Each had a share of copra, her pecuniary to dispose of for herself. She may ask the trade room—ah, no, no, no, crosses, a bag of rice, etc. were with us, now to meet them.

The Cloth Coat, "Right" Leaders Wear.  
These covered Susan's soldiers in 1860.  
It made overcoats for the volunteers in  
1861. It was worn with pride by the chiefs  
of the golden clark, by Henry Granger, by  
James O'Connor. It is in use today by  
Charles Stewart Turner, by Thomas Lavin  
and by the other leaders of the Irish people.  
Donnell's Magazine.

...for promoting and mingling in the  
...navigues and revolutions of the lands  
...when they came.  
...who cannot wholly and absolutely  
...identify himself with his American citi-  
...zenship, crossing forever all previous  
...political affiliations, nor can he ever assume  
...it, nor shall he be admitted to so great

It is a fact which will, perhaps be read with some surprise that, while the present "artistic" movement abroad, to be acquired free of duty, the United States government does not recognize wood-engraving as an artistic medium; and Mr. Cole's blocks are classified at the custom house as "manufactures of wood," and a rough spin is exacted in return thereon.

From Luis, the California naturalist, contributions to the November Century are first-classly illustrated description which has been made of the great canyon of the South Fork of the King's River, California. The article, which is called "A Rival of the Yosemite," and is illustrated with nine full-page color-



have heard a trader say. "Got two, three 'fouries,' 'house,' his majesty replied; "and three!" Hence the commercial importance of Apenama, the trade of whose islands being centered there at a single point; hence it is that so many waries have tried in vain to gain or preserve a footing; hence the ships are adorned, coasts have special orders, and captains array themselves in smiles, to meet the king. If he be pleased with his welcome and to fare, he may pass days on board, and every day, and sometimes every hour, will be of profit to the ship. He negotiates between the cabin, where he is entertained with strange meats, and the trade room, where he enjoys the pleasures of shopping on a scale to match his person. A few obsequious attendants squat by the house loor, awaiting his commands. In the boat, which has been hauled to drop anchor, one or two of his wives are covered from the sun under mats, seated by the shore side of the lagoon, and enduring agonies of heat and scum. This severity is now and then relaxed and the wives are owed on board. Three or four were thus favored on the day of our arrival; succulent ladies divy attire of fish, baked and a share of copra, and particularly, to dispose of for ease. She displays in the trade room—sashes, rings, crosses, beads, bags of saim—these were with a glad bow to meet the

ance room equated, royal, y emarized, for home. These facts grounded the boat before the palace; the wives were carried ashore on the backs of vassals; Combina's daughter on a raised platform like a steamer's gangway, and was borne about her girl sister for the sea ows, u the beach, and, by an inclined plane, played with pebbles to the garing terrace where she dwelt.

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2. John's Personal Appearance.

As in his father's cabin, or New Salem, or Vancouver, or Stratford, the man Lincoln never gave a fraction of thought or a moment of time to any question of dress. He forgot the ordinary fashion and wore what the tailor, barber and bootmaker made for him. And so clad, the American gentleman, in his presence without awe, and the highest dignitaries with perfect respect. The work has got to learn that General Scott, or Lord Lyons, or Bishop Simpson, or Prince Napoleon, or Archduke Eugene, or the Comte de Paris, or Czar Nicolas, they ever felt humiliated by the dress or want of dignity of President Lincoln in state ceremonies, or private audience. The eyes of these men were not upon the sailor's skin of broadcloth, but upon the president of G. N. Gregory in Century.

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3. The Glad Day's First Orders Worn.

These covered Sumner's soldiers in 1861, and overtook the volunteers in 1862. It was worn with pride by the chiefs of the golden chair, by Henry Girard, by James O'Connor. It is used today by Charles Schwab, Arthur, by William Austin and by the other leaders of the free people. -Don't miss Niagara.

to oppose any government; and  
ows free thought, and does not yield  
er a sacrifice to the clergy? Further-  
are men fit to do political power  
work the economic destinies of a  
country having vast and various  
interests, who bring utopian theories  
are adopted in countries where case  
and the oppression of ages of tyranny  
have forced the laborer to remedies by  
violent methods? The suffering and  
anarchy laden are not Americans, in  
Europe, Asia, or Africa, if sometimes  
they prefer panemonism to the more  
direct oppression which still exists in  
many parts of the old world. But in our  
country the conditions are altogether  
different. They who assume therefore  
that the insurrection and anarchy  
are the cause of some pacification in  
Europe, are equally reasonable in the  
United States, are entitled to elect law-  
makers or administer our laws.

Nor are they free for American citi-  
zenship who import the "funds or opit-  
mental perfections of Europe" to this coun-  
try and use that citizenship as a protec-  
tion for promoting and mingling in the  
intrigues and revolutions of the land  
whence they came.

We can cannot wholly and honestly  
identify aims, with its American cry-  
minality, cropping forever all previous  
political affiliations, and it never assume  
is, nor should it be admitted to so great

the branch house of G. Z. Putnam's Sons  
London has been removed from King  
street to No. 20 Bedford street,  
London. Their new store is opposite to the  
National Academy, and will give much more con-  
spicuous quarters for the several divisions of  
their London business. These divisions are  
emphatic: First, the publication in Great  
Britain of their own standard publications;  
American and English. Second, the publi-  
cation of English editions of our American  
publications similar in character to their  
own; (among the latter they have, for in-  
stance, recently issued Acams' "History of  
the United States," Scurz's "Essay on Lin-  
guistics," etc.); third, the sale in Great Britain  
miscellaneous American publications;  
and fourth, the purchase of English and  
Continental stores for the retail and library  
business of their New York house. They re-  
port an increasing interest on the part of  
English readers in American literature, and  
growing demand for American books.

It is a fact, which will, perhaps be read with  
some surprise, that, while the present artists  
are doing the work of American artists  
efficient abroad, to be acquired free of duty,  
the United States government does not re-  
cognize wood-engraving as an artistic  
medium; and Mr. Coe's plates are classed  
at the custom house as "manufactures  
in wood," and a round sum is exacted in  
duty on each.

John Muir, the California naturalist, con-  
tinues to the November Century the first  
of his illustrated series, which has been  
the cause of the great success of the Sierra Fore-  
sight's River, California. The article  
is called "A River of the Yosemite,"  
and is illustrated with nine full-page col-  
or